THE NIGHT WAS DARK. By C. E. DINGWALL.

Whether this is a love story or not you blanket on his bed or in his room. will have to judge for yourself. The inci- ''O, Kirby," he said. There was no andents are somewhat peculiar, and I have swer. never been able to decide as to its character "Kirby, got any blankets?" in that respect.

Kirby is married and I will make the as- scious of the other man's dilemma. sertion with the confidence of one who knows, that a man who is employed by tinued Chapin. any of the big contractors, jumping from one place to another, six months or a year would have been done by. here, and then off to some other part of the country, perhaps a couple of thousand them," and, gathering up a handful of blan- head was resting on his shoulder. miles away, for another six months or a kets, he remorselessly jerked the covering "Afraid of what? Fear nothing; I am with year, and mixing up daily with the class of from Kirby and rushed from the room. you," said Kirby in a facetiously grandilofair to the woman. It is cruel. It is the one blight on Kirby's upright and honorable, though somewhat adventurous,

It was when we were up in central Wisconsin, double-tracking a piece of railroad that the accident here related occurred. accident was Kirby's marriage. had a long stretch of line to be doubletracked that year, with considerable altering of the original grades and curves, making necessary almost half a mile of very heavy rockcut, and a long and high "fill" across a valley on the new alignment. Our construction office, warehouse and repair shops were at Antioch, a central point for all of the work. We established the office the unused bed of the room he was in. in a residence which we had rented for the purpose. We lived upstairs and had look to our comfort after husiness hours Kirby and Chapin, riggers by trade, ran two I ing co-employe, but he heard nothing. Fi- to be successful in, only intent on quieting

the line of the railroad.

It happened this way:

nightly hilarity in the rooms below.

Chapin was among the last to turn in

(Copyright, 1899, by C. E. Dingwall.) | that possibly Kirby might have an extra

The sleeper snored on, blissfully uncon-

"Say, you, let me have a blanket," con-Kirby did not move. Chapin did as he

which a good part of a contractor's force is He fled down the half to his own room, composed and spending his pay every pay but when he got to the door he heard composed and spending and has no right to But when he got the said. Rirby coming after him, so he continued she said. on up the stairs to the attle floor above. Kirby followed, muttering curses in his Hurry up there," he yelled to the driver; half-awake condition. Chapin tried the door he came to at the top of the stairs. It pened and he stepped through, closing it after him, all but a crack, through which he heard the irate and shivering Kirby esced. ome up the stairs, three at a time, and pass the door. "A dirty devil's trick," he was muttering. "I'll punch Chapin's head for," said he, under his breath, "from what for him when I get him." He ran to the I can see, and what I can guess, he must end of the third floor hall and down the be pretty mad now." front stairs, in pursuit of Chapin. But that

Kirby, not finding Chapin in the latter's room and not hearing him, doubled back after a pause. a negro cook to prepare our meals and up the front stairway silently and listening intently to catch a sound of his pirat-

most of us. But Kirby's early training stood help her to bear up in her bereavement, whatever the cause might be.

There, there," he said, between jons of right. What's the matter? Tell me, that's a good girl. She crept closer to him as though want-

ing protection, and he put his arm around her to support her. "O, I'm afraid," she said, from where her

quent way. "O, I know. But if he should catch us?"

"You don't know him as I do," she said between sobs.

"Catch us?" said Kirby, "He never will,

"That's no doubt true," Kirby acqui-"He's terrible when he's mad." "Is he? Then we may have some fun.

The other wagon could not be heard above worthy well knew it would be useless to the noise of their own progress, but their go back to his room to enjoy his ill-gotten driver feared not but what it was continuspoil, so he made himself comfortable in ing in pursuit, for he kept on lashing his

> "Do you think we'll succeed?" she said, "Sure, easy," said Kirby, though not in the least surmising what it was they were

animals.

and surprising developments, but this hys- rear. The pursuer did not seem to gain on for getting out of the affair, but at the terical explosion of his fellow traveler, them, but neither did he lag far behind, same time seeing the girl safely through as coming so unexpectedly, dumfounded him. On these occasions renewed terror would a first consideration, and as he had promfor a minute. No man is going to hold his seize the girl, she would cling closer ised also, as his chivalrous nature prompted nerve when a strange, and, of course, beau- to her protector and Kirby, as in duty tiful lady, throws herself at him in the bound, continued his efforts to soothe herdark, it being an infrequent occurrence with In this he succeeded well, for 1 must say, he is very accomplished in a knowledge of him in hand at this moment, and after the the ways of femininity. I have known Kirby He had great confidence in the ability of shock was over he gracefully and chival- for a long time, and of his escapades before Jim McDonald to get him out of difficulties satisfied with the course events had taken. Now rously began to soothe and quiet her and and after his marriage, have personal cognizance of many, and have heard from good | ber of the contracting firm, was on the job authority (Chapis) of more, and have al- at that time. ways been surprised at his faculty for winthe wagon, "don't cry. It'll come out all ning the confidence-and, yes, the devotionof the fair sex.

> It began to get lighter as they sped on. The day was beginning. Objects along the whipped up his nearly dead horse. Kirby road and in the wagon became discernible, hough back between the curtains on the rear seat, where sat the bewildered and stairs could jump into our clothes and rush puzzled, though outwardly serene, Kirby and down Kirby and the girl and the wrathful Puzzled he was surely, but I doubt if in all | sumably going to Antioch like himself, and but from the wind and the excitement under first anxiously hurried that he might not arrive in Antioch too late for Kirby's purpose, was now earnestly urging forward beause of the solicitations of both of his paswherefore of matters, and beyond that it was not consistent with his reckless and happy-go-lucky nature to care.

At length he leaned forward toward the friver and his features became visible in the half-light that prevailed. He shouted: What time does that construction leave Antioch?"

"Six-fifteen," said the driver. "Do you think we'll make it?" said Kirby.

"Make it," was the surprised ejaculation, as the driver half-turned his head. "I should say so. We'll make it and an hour-The girl, who had sat upright when Kirby changed his position, fixed a startled gaze oward her, and then screamed. The driver uttered an exclamation that was equivalent in man to a woman's scream.

"Who are you?" said the girl. "Where in --- did you come from?" said he driver.

"O. O, what shall I do?" said the girl. The driver pulled up his horses with a don't." The threat was effective.

far end of the seat, and fear of her father was forgotten in the surprise of this unexpected discovery.

"Who are you?" she repeated. "My name's Huston," said Kirby. "Where's Shelby?" "Shelby? Shelby? What Shelby?"

"Shelby Martin," she said.

"I don't know no Shelby Martin," said Kirby. "Wasn't be in the hotel?" she asked.

"Didn't see him," said Kirby. "Was it you come out of Conrad's and got in here?" asked the driver. "I guess it must have been," said Kirby.

"Well, where's Shelby?" said the girl, "Madame," said Kirby severely, "I didn't see Shelby, wouldn't know him if I saw him, and don't care much if I ever see

"He went into Conrad's," she said. "Maybe," said Kirby, "Perhaps he's there yet.

"O, dear, what shall I do?" exclaimed the girl. "I don't know you. Driver, stop. Let me out. I want to get out." 'Papa's back of us," suggested Kirby.

'O, what shall I do?" "Say," said the driver suddenly, "how'd you come to get in this vig?" "Didn't you tell me to," said Kirby. "I hired this rig last night from Conrad for the 6:15 train. I guess I've got a right." "Six fifteen train! No you didn't. Say. this ain't Conrad's rig. I ain't making no

6:15 train. "Look here, cap'n," said Kirby, "put me next. What's the game, anyhow?" "Why," said the driver, "she's running away with-with the other fellow that went

into Conrad's." "O," said Kirby, the amusing side of the affair dawning on him. "Looks to me like she was running away from him. Where'd you come from?' "From eight miles the other side of Con-

rad's," said the driver.

"You going to Antioch?" "We were going that way, but it depended on the old man-or on you, now, I guess,"

"Well, looking at it from all sides," said Kirby, thoughtfully, "I think the best thing to do is to stop and explain things to the he turned to us, "I 'spose it's all right if old man. And now that What's-his-name is lost, you'd better go back with your father," he said, addressing the girl. He started to get out of the wagon as it slowed up, but the girl caught his arm quickly, and said, pleadingly. "O, don't go. You don't

"But it's the only way," said Kirby. "Then go, if you wish," she said, "but I won't. Hurry up, driver. Go on." She She was clearly frightened at the wrath of her father which she had brought down upon herself.

know him. He wouldn't believe you. I'm

"All right," said Kirby. He did not, however, jump out, but resumed his seat in-stead, gathering the robe about them, and calling upon the driver to drive on. He was not at all displeased at the prospect of her further company. "Er-I beg pardon; what's your name?

he asked. "Kitty Hurley," she replied. "O. I'm Kirby Huston. I'm over on the

railroad, you know," he said, by way of starting the conversation, "foreman on the trestle work. Ever been over there?" 'No," she said. But now you seem so different. I feel as "You must come down some day, Say,

> about this. It'll come out all right. I'll see you through." He gradually allayed her fears, without mentioning the poor chap who was left at Conrad's. He talked and talked and talked about the trestle and the earth-cutting and the big rock-cut and how it all happened from the time that Chapin stole his bed covering, which was the beginning. However, they were not as sociably communicative as they were half an hour before. It may have been because it was almost daylight now and they were re-

minded of a third person's presence by see

ing the driver quite distinctly. From the top of a hill they could see Antioch ahead of them. Through the hole in the curtain they could see the old man's buggy on the slope of the last hill and his proximity surprised them. The driver whipped up his steeds in a last effort to than risk the danger of a change, with its reach the goal first, though what was to be probable revelations, by too close question- done when Antioch was reached Kirby did not know. The father would get there almost And all the while they were pounding as soon as they, and it was now light along steadily, and without pause, into the enough for him to follow them and give black unknown ahead of them, the rain and | them no opportunity to secrete themselves. wind beating in their faces, so that con- even though such a procedure would aid a versation was difficult unless the speakers satisfactory settlement of the affair. Kirby were close together, as were the two pas- has assured me that no thought of what he sengers, with mouth to ear. The driver did afterward entered his mind until the sat bent forward, peering ahead, with cap moment he dld it. It was certainly serious

"Where shall I take you to?" asked as in mounting a hill or where the sandy Kirby. "Have you any friends in town?" "No. I don't know anyone there," she

of that kind that is easily rattred by sudden of wheels and the pounding of hoofs in their mind all of the schemes he could think of whack on the back, which was his way of today. It is under command of Rear Ad-

him. "Where are you going?" she asked "We'll go to the company's office and get he thing straightened out there," he said. of various kinds. Jim McDonald, a mem-

They drove through the main street of sleeping Antioch and drew up in front of our office and Kirby pounded on the loor. The father saw them at a distance and pounded furiously. He awakened the whole house. But by the time we who slept uphe anxious girl, it was as dark as ever. parent were in the midst of a stirring and exciting scene. Hurley drove up, jumped out this time he gave a thought to any serious of his buggy and confronted, shotgun in in the meantime—the true facts. And after along with it, so a fan blower was installed consequences that might arise. He did not hand, his recreant daughter, and, as he he had realized the situation he sanguinely on top of the boliers and connected up so as inderstand the situation further than that a supposed, her lover. He was a portly old woman was with him in Conrad's rig, pre- gentleman with naturally red complexion, her father, for some reason as yet unknown which he labored he was now of an o him, was in pursuit. And the driver, at absolutely purple hue. We feared be would burst a blood vessel or suffer an apoplectic stroke at the least.

"Ah," he wheezed, his breath coming hard. Twe caught you, you young scapegraces, That was Kirby's surmisal of the Thought you would run away from me, did you? You, sir, who are you, you scoundrel? What do you mean by running away with my daughter? What do you-"I'm not-" Kirby started to make ex-

planations. The old gentleman drowned Kirby's words in a torrent of angry abuse. The pent-up and slowly increasing rage of a night had burst forth, and no feeble words that Kirby could utter were heeded by the other. "You are! You were!" he said. Don't

tell me. I saw you. Didn't I follow you all night? O, this is terrible, terrible! think a girl of mine would treat me that way! To think she would deceive her father-her father that loved her as no one on him, caught his shoulder and turned him else could. What do you mean? What do you mean, I say? Speak! Don't stand there with this young scamp! Cry-it won't do you any good. The deed is done. You've brought disgrace upon yourself and upon your father. What did you do it for?" "O, papa, I-"

"Don't papa me! Don't papa me, I tell you! I'm your father no longer. I'll have "Say, old man," said Kirby, "I don't nothing more to do with you. You'll leave know what this game is, nor how it's going my house. Go with him, the-" His anger to come out, but the thing for you to do is was awful to behold. Great drops of per-to keep your plugs moving just bout as spiration stood out on his face despite the fast as they have been doing. You hear December cold. He held his gun in a bad me? I'll beat you over the head if you and threatening way. Kirby was quite cool, but the girl wept, and, being a woman Who are you? the girl continued ask- and wanting support in time of strife and ing, in frightened tones. She drew to the trouble, she bowed her head on Kirby's this city. "Who are you?" the girl continued ask- and wanting support in time of strife and shoulder with her handkerchief to her eyes, which made the situation appear different from what it really was. As I said, she was pretty then, and when Jim McDonald and the bookkeeper and I came down our hearts went out to her, and there was not one one among us, unromantic though we may ne, but would have, if she had asked it, jumped to the succor of beauty in distress, and-well, made away with the old man.
"I could kill you," he continued. "No,

ion't excite me or I may. You deserve it. You deserve a horsewhipping, and were I a young man I should give it to you. I But you shall not have my should, sir. daughter." (His emotions were contradic-tory.) "Catherine, get into my buggy at once. You shall not go with him. You-"

"I don't want her," Kirby managed to "Eh!-don't want her? What in thunder are you here with her for? Answer me."
"If you will give me a-" said Kirby. "Why did you fly before me?" interrupted

Hurley. "Why did you not stop when you knew I was following you, driving like mad all night?-All night-er, all night. Where have you been all night? Where were you before I came up to you?" "I've been at Conrad's hotel," answered Kirby, truthfully, but without thought of

how it would sound and what it would mean to the father. "Eh!-at, at-been at a hotel since last evening! By God, sir, I'll kill you now. No, you shall marry the girl. O, this is terrible. A daughter of mine! Pity you were

ever born. You shall marry him, miss, and this very minute." If his rage was fearful before, it was twice so now. He waved his arms wildly and pranced up and down in front of the office, swearing most scandalously. And we spectators supposed with the father that Kirby was guilty, his previous reputation not helping us to believe different. Thus do

one's sins corrupt the opinion of others. Had we guessed rightly, we might have prevented a serious happening before it was "Get parson; get a justice, quick," yelled

Hurley "All right, cap'n," said Kirby, "I wasn't studying much about getting married, but." she is agreeable." He drew from her and faced her and said: "Are you, Kitty?" There was a pause. Then she cast her tearful eyes upon her angry father and made a motion as if to appeal to him, and was about to speak; but she saw in his eyes no pity, no possibility of making his hard, unreasoning nature understand, and turning again to the man upon she had leaned during the last few hours she said, hesitatingly and very prettily: "Yes."

Jim McDonald gave Kirby a resounding

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Be sure to get "Radway's."

So we all bundled into the two convey-So we all bundled into the two convey-ances and drove to the parsonage, which touching at other ports it will go to and the girl because-I cannot say why she said nothing. We awakened the parson, and there in the little front parlor and in the early dawn of a cold, bleak December morn. Miss Hurley and Mr. Huston were made man and wife, we inscribing our names as

Witnesses said it was for the best, any vay, on account to be driven at just the speed required. The ecasion.

raise that derrick, Chapin coming down for riscs only thirty-one feet above the boiler that purpose. Chapin was very much down- room floor. Although the stack hardly tops hearted, both because Kirby was now the roofs of the surrounding buildings no married, and because his conscience smote trouble whatever is experienced from smoke, him for being mainly to blame for getting | for the simple reason that when draught is Kirby out of bed an hour or two before his produced in this way no smoke is made. rig was due, thereby starting Kirby on the That the possible draught is more than twice adventure which ended so disastrously.

Kentucky to spend his honeymoon. any time.

I cannot say it was not a happy marriage.

Dr. Bryan Becomes Bankrupt. ST. LOUIS, April 18 .- Dr. David Claren-Bryan, formerly of Indianapolis, filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United The petition 0,000, with sc-States circuit court here. The showed cash liabilities of \$30,000, mmodation paper amounting to \$177,000. Much of the latter is held in Indianapolis and Jackson, O. Dr. Bryan at one time

Long Cruise is Begun. NEW YORK, April 18.-The United States ruiser Chicago started on its long voyage still produce all the steam required.

imparting a friendly feeling, and we all miral Howson and is bound for South mentally said that Kirby was a lucky dog Africa by way of the Azores, Gibraliar and and showed exceedingly good taste. the Suez canal. It will probably be at Delagon bay on July 4, and is due to arwas only a short distance away, and on the Janeiro, where it will arrive in the latter way neither Kirby nor his future wife said part of August. From Rio Janeiro it will a word to straighten the tangle-Rirby pre. battalions of the Sixteenth infantry to San sumably because he did not want to, being about two weeks, and is expected to reach New York again in the first week of Oc-

> SMOKE PREVENTION. Surprising Results of Experiments in

Massachusetts. Some needed changes in a Massachusette factory have brought about what may pos-We kissed the bride and congratulated sibly prove to be a solution of the smoke Kirby in approved form. It was all done prevention problem of large cities. Two with a rush. It was not until we got back years ago the factory depended entirely for to the office after leaving the happy couple the production of draught for the operation to themselves in the next room that we of its boilers upon a tall chimney. The recould pacify the old man sufficiently to make moval of the boiler plant became necessary, him understand what Kirby had told to us but of course the chancey could not be taken of what people would say, which perhaps it regulation was made automatic, so that less was. The bride and groom graced our little than one pound drop in steam pressure dining room at a wedding breakfast, upon greatly increased the draught, started up the which the cook did himself proud, and set a fire and brought back the pressure to the pace that he had difficulty in keeping up normal. The plan has answered perfectly. ifierwards, but which we exacted from him. The pressure is kept the same hour in and knowing his capabilities. We drank the hour out, and the fireman has nothing to do bride's health and Kirby's health and the but shovel coal. Weather makes no differold gentleman's health, and toasted the ence, the draught being the same on damp company and the job, and the railroad and and muggy days as when the air is crisp everything. Altogether it was a joyous and clear. The fan, working by suction, draws the gases from the boiler flue and Kirby did not go up to the rock-cut to forces them out through a short stack which as powerful as that of the drimney which Kirby drew an advance on his wages from has been discarded is easily credited by those the company and left that night for who have seen the astonishing power of the electric blowers now installed in so many Whatever became of the fellow that got large buildings. The old chimney has been left at Conrad's, Shelby Martin, I don't taken down and there is presented the novel know, never having heard further than that sight of a large manufacturing plant covhe ran out of the hotel, and after the wagon | ering half a dozen acres with no apparent when he heard it leaving. Apparently he means of producing furnace draught. The was not a powerful factor in this affair at blower, besides costing thalf what a new chimney would, saves money right along, as, because of the stronger draught, much cheaper fuel can be burned. In one botler plant of 1,000 horse-power the full saving

from this source is \$6,500 per annum. This

innovation seems to point to a revolution in

draught production. It would appear to be

unnecessary to build lofty and expensive

chimneys when a simple fan will serve the

purposes for which they are intended much

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cal draught, to use much smaller boilers and

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"I DON'T WANT HER," KIRBY MANAGED TO SAY. valley for the dumpears that would be used to pay a visit to Chapin's room. But the in building up this high "fill" or embank- night was too cold for sleep with only summent when we began making the accommer covering, so, under the impression that panying cut in the neighboring hill. This the night was well spent and that it was was some ten or twelve miles down the road nearly time to go to Antioch anyway, he from Antioch, Kirby and Chapin and the decided to get up and dress and wait for pile-driver engineers, the timekeeper and his rig. Moving around with his clothes on some of the railroad's engineering help was preferable to trying to fight the cold boarded and lodged at a small country hotel in bed. He was about through with his near the "fill," that was kept in a style toilet when he heard the sound of wheels commensurate with his rates, by one Con- and the loud "whoa" of a driver on the rad. We had nearly a thousand men on road below. He thought it was his conveyance ready for him and hurriedly com-

that work, all in camps distributed along pleting his dressing he put on his overcoat, snatched up his bundle and ran down Kirby had been ordered down to the site the stairs. There was a light in what was called the of the rock cutting to erect a derrick, and office, and as he passed he heard, through to do this he would have to get up very early in the morning and drive to Antioch, the half-opened door, some one talking to at which point he would board a construc-

the proprietor; he did not, however, look in, but stepped out upon the road. The tion train going down the line with mesand materials. He made his preparations night was miserably cold and raw. the night before, grumbling all the while drizzling rain was falling. In the darkness at his ill-luck at having to leave his warm he made out the shadow of a two-horse, bed on a da k, cold and probably wet De- double-seated, covered spring wagon. cember morning, ordered his rig for 4:30 gruff voice from the front seat said to him and crept beneath his blankets before the as he appeared: "You'd better hurry up other loarders had ceased their usual there. We haven't much time to throw away."

"All right, cap'n; I'm here," said Kirby, hastily climbing up to the rear seat. The driver started his team immediately. Kirby Chapin is a sound sleeper under ordinary circumstances, but the night was very cold, was about to take his seat when he noticed no fire was in his room, and the only another person on the rear seat whom he means of heating was a smoke pipe from had not seen before, owing to the complete the stove in the saloon below, which passed shadow, the curtains at the side and rear up through his sleeping chamber. That being down. When he made out the figure gave . If little or no warmth when the fire to be that of a woman he hesitated a moburned low. Chapin awoke in the middle ment, and had a mind to take a seat with of the night and, the cold preventing him the driver. But they were already started, from getting to sleep again, he jumped out of bed with the intention of finding addiso he took his place beside the other pas-

tional covering. The proprietor was of a They had not got more than well into the frugal nature, believing not in the luxuries when the clatter of swiftly moving of this life, and provided no fleecy blankets wheels in their rear was borne to them. ready at the foot of the bed for use in an and apparently the occupant of the other emergency. In truth, it was very much in vehicle was in as much haste as they were. this hotel as in most others encountered on Their driver plied the whip to his horses contract work when away from cities, a and they plunged along the road at a furious case of the best man getting the available pace. Kirby's fellow passenger put her head comforts, or the food on the table for that out of the side and looked back, though she matter, and the rest getting what they could have seen nothing ten feet away in that pitchy blackness. If she did not see she must, however, have heard that which So Chapin, not finding in his room what he sought for, sailed out into the hall, and gave her alarm, for she uttered a frightened ery, turned to Kirby and threw herself tried the doors of the rooms on that floor. All were locked, with he exception of the around his neck and bursting out crying last one at the end of the hall, which was and sobbing with her head on his shoulder. Kirby's. This he opened and stepped in. Now, my friend, Kirby Smith Huston He groped his way to the bed, and at- being a Kentuckian, a man of the world tempted to arouse the sleeper and interest and having figured in many adventures in

pile-drivers that were employed in building nally he gave up the search and tumbled his strange companion. Another pause; then a light and temporary trestle across the into bed again, getting up once or twice she said suddenly: "You won't desert me?" "Certainly not," said Kirby.

"Never?" "Never."

'Promise,' she said.

"I promise," said Kirby. "Kiss me," she whispered, turning her face up to his. Although taken aback it was not in him to refuse. He complied very promptly, then fumbled in his pocket for a match, struck it, and what he saw of he features, half hid in the folds of his overcoat, must have been very pleasing, for he said the driver. kissed her again. I will say this, that she

was pretty when this occurred-four years "'I'm happy now," she said.

"Are you?" "Yes. I've got you. O, but if he catches us.-he'll shoot! You won't let him shoot you, will you?"

Kirby. "He's awfully hot-tempered." "He must be. "It's cruel to leave him this way though.

"Eh-no, not if I can help it," said

"Who?" "Why, papa," she said. "O, yes, yes. He don't want to be left does he "And he's been so good to me," she con-

nued. "I wonder if you'll be good to me. Will you?" "See if I don't," said Kirby "Always?" "Kirby, my boy," he said to himself,

what have you got mixed up in this time? This'll be something for Chapin.' "Always?" she repeated. 'Sure. Always. You can bet on me." "I believe you," she said. "Do you know, 've been a little afraid of you until now.

if I can trust you. "That's good," he said. "Yes. You've changed, but it's the danger has made you strong and fearless, isn't

"Danger? Is there much danger?" said Kirby "If he should overtake us," she said. "Is he a big man?" said Kirby, endeavoring to measure the probability of an en-

counter and judge of his own chances.

"Big man?" she queried. "Yes. Is he handy?" "Why; who?" "Papa," he said.

"Why, you know. You saw him once on't you remember? He's not so very strong, you know, but he'll shoot." "Oh." said Kirby. He would rather pro-long the situation as it was, and was satisfied with guessing at many things, rather

drawn down, and coat collar around his enough to merit long and deep thought. cars, continually urging on his horses. When road made quick progress impossible, they slackened their pace and the noise of their said.

Miss Hurley," after a pause, "don't worry CLUETT, PEABODY & CO

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